

ABILENE REFLECTOR

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FACE TO FACE.

A Fact Related in Seven Well-Told Fables.

BY R. E. FRANKLIN,
AUTHOR OF "A GREAT HEIR," "QUEEN
AT LAST," "A REAL QUEEN," "EARL'S
DAVE," ETC., ETC.

FALE THE THIRD.—CONTINUED.
It was a poor end to her broken re-
solve—going out for a Stephen Harlow
and bringing home a Farmer Mar-
riss. But she assuredly could not go on
lingering there for a man who did not
come.

"Father will be glad to see you when-
ever you like," said she. The invita-
tion was not very graciously given; but
she did not feel gracious, and could not
seem to be what she was not by merely
trying, even if she had tried. But
Enoch Marriess could not expect every-
thing all at once; and she had not bid-
den him go away.

So he walked beside her back to Leys
Croft talking of the harvest and of
money, and of making love after an
invisible fashion, but never once
mentioning Stephen. No—he
could not have come across him at
Huncheater; that was clear. Nor was
the truant about the place when she
got home. Nearly two days without a
word—it was getting strange.

"Why, where's Stephen?" asked Tom
Blackthorn as the three were sitting
down to supper. The master of Leys
Croft (if such he could be called) had
recovered his old rather self-glorious
ways since Fortune had smiled again,
and looked his neighbor in the face, or
rather above his head, as if their being
settled and creditor were merely an
empty form, only waiting to be
swayed away by a stroke of the pen.
"Tell me what, Patience, when you're
Mrs. Harlow, you must keep your man
to meat-times; unless, maybe, at har-
vest, and such like times. I never kept
dinner waiting, no, nor supper, since I
was born. This won't do."

"He's over at Huncheater on business,
father," said she.
"Business, eh?" said her father, who
seemed in an especially jovial mood.
"I say, Marriess, though—don't that
put you in mind of an old time or two?
Business at Huncheater? Lord, what
pecks of wild oats that used to be a bit
for! But I forgot; you never sowed that
sort of crop. No, nor Stephen. Come,
lass, you mean to look like a lady
cabage rose. Stephen's got a lad as
Marriess there used to be. When he
says business, he means business; and
my business, too. And I wish some
others had been like him," said he,
with a sudden change; and Patience
knew that his own joke had re-
minded him of his scapegrace son.
"But that's neither here nor there. I
fall to, neighbor, and give us the news
of the day."

There seemed no particular reason,
after all, why Farmer Marriess had
come over to Leys Croft, for her father
did all the talking. The truth is that
Farmer Marriess was haunted with the
uncomfortable fear that Stephen might
have given the King the slip after all,
and might turn up at Leys Croft before
bed-time. People who mold circum-
stances must expect a good many un-
comfortable hours. And if anything so
inconvenient should happen, it would not
do for him to be out of the way. So he
even outstayed his welcome, and, to
spite, on the time, took more than one
nightcap; which, as it was at another
man's cost, he could for once well
afford.

Tom Blackthorn had taken more than
two nightcaps, and felt all the better
for them. "You mustn't mind your
old father's jokes," said he. "If
it hadn't been for that young Harlow
I mightn't have been a joking fellow
come. What a thing it is to be a pretty
girl. Poor Marriess—hanging round
the honey-pot when all the honey's
gone. But bless my soul—what am I
saying? Another joke—another joke,
my dear; that's all. There give me a
kiss, and to bed. Make Stephen keep
early hours. There's nothing like
—nothing like—em in the world.
They're the way to be healthy, wealthy
and wise. And 'tis the early bird picks
up the worm. And early sow, early
mow."

But it was not Enoch Marriess who
that night put in practice the wisdom
of the ancients. He knew that he had
put his plow into a furrow from which
there was no hope of harvest; and
it might be. Whatever happened now,
he must not let such a lie as he had told
prove to have been told in vain. And
there was still many a chance against
him. Stephen Harlow was no con-
temptible enemy, ready to run his head,
like Tom Blackthorn, against any post
that stood handy. Nor was Patience
a simpleton, by the tale in any com-
mon slander. There was the post,
which even the most hurried soldiers
would find time to use. There would
be a letter to Patience, surely; and one,
no doubt, to his employers besides. The
latter could be easily dealt with. He
could write to Messrs. Preston and bid
them send letters to be answered in
under cover to himself; or he could go
to Millport and tell his own story, if
it need were, without the Blackthorns
being a whit the wiser. But a letter to
Patience herself was another thing, and
must be dealt with in another way.
And how to deal with that chance took
him all night to consider. For he was
slow, though sure.

Patience Blackthorne had no reason
for wakefulness. She trusted Stephen
even as she trusted herself and more.
Had he met with any accident he must
have heard; and then he was not the
sort of man whom accidents befall. He
was lucky, and he was strong. Yet
something like people call a prescient
would have been a good deal more
misfortune troubled her; and she was
long in falling asleep and quick in wak-
ing. The morning light and freshness
sweep away presentiments like the cob-
webs they are, and so they did hers.
Stephen would be over by break-
fast-time, to be sure. But he was not over
by breakfast-time.

She was getting really anxious. She
did not make even a pretense of break-
ing the neck of her morning's work,
but, throwing shyness and certainty of
village gossip to the winds, went to the
village and to the blacksmith's, whether
the letters came to be called for.

"Is there any letter for Leys Croft?"
she asked the blacksmith's wife, who
carried on all the retail trade of the
parish, and was postmistress besides.
"Oh, yes, Miss Blackthorn. Some-
thing special, no doubt, as you've come
yourself after them. And how's Mr.

Harlow, miss; and when's it to be?
Yes, there was one for Mr. Harlow,
and there was one for you."

"I'll take them now, please," said she.
"And welcome, Miss—only Mr. Mar-
riss was here but now, for his own let-
ters; what a lot he do have to be sure—
three all to himself this very morning,
and one from London, too, only fancy!
And nippence to pay. It ought to be
worth getting, miss, to make Farmer
Marriess pay out nippence without so
much as a word. And Mr. Marriess, he
said as he was going up to Leys Croft
he would take up yours and Mr. Har-
low's letters too. Ah, Miss Blackthorn,
Mr. Harlow's not a bit like Mr. Marriess.
He don't mind a nippence—not he. And
to think of a gentleman like that
being Eli Harlow's boy, that I mind
playing in the mud beside this very
door, and watching the horses shoot,
while his father—no, I forgot, miss; Eli
Harlow'd be your own father-in-law if
he was alive. And young Stephen
don't forget old friends, not he. 'Tis a
bit of come down, miss, as I always do
say it, for a Blackthorn to marry a
Harlow; but when a young man comes
back with a silver lining in his coat, it
does make a difference to be sure. And
after all, I don't know as there's an-
other man in the parish fit for you,
Miss Patience, unless 'twere young
Serrable at Marshhead, and he's sweet
on Martha Willet; I know for a fact, he
laid his arm round her waist only last
Sunday fortnight, after evening service,
on the common. And so as I always
do say."

And so on; and as much more as
Patience did not choose to stay for. It
was something new and a little odd,
for Farmer Marriess to make calls so
early in the day, making himself a
letter-carrier besides. However, it was
kind and generous, and nothing so
very extraordinary after all. She wished
she had not come down, to be talked to,
and to, and at, and over. And she wished
it still more when Enoch Marriess came
full upon her just outside the village,
so that he must guess where she had
been, and why.

"I've got your letters; I thought I
might save you the trouble," said he.
"I expected an important one, and
it struck me you seemed a bit wor-
ried, if there's anything I can do."

She bit her lip with ungrateful vexa-
tion. "What a fool I've been," thought
she, "to be taking on about nothing, so
that everybody could see! I'll never
worry again—no, not if Stephen stays
away with a word without a word. Thank
you, Mr. Marriess, it was very kind.
But, indeed, I had no trouble—none at
all." She took the letters with an air
of indifference that enraged him, it
was so palpably assumed. Two letters.
One for Mr. Stephen Harlow, from
Millport; one for Miss Blackthorn.
She opened the letter—she glanced at
it. Enoch Marriess watched her in-
tently as she crumpled it up and put it
into her pocket.

"Good news, I hope?" asked he.
"Neither good nor bad," said Patience—
as if what she had said had not been
come upon her like a flash of forked
lightning out of a cloudless sky. "It
is nothing—nothing at all. She was
not going to marry her heart upon her
sleeve any more. 'Don't let me keep
you from going on to Leys Croft. I
have some errands in the village. Thank
you, Mr. Marriess. It was kind of
you to take so much trouble, indeed.'"

He did not meet her eyes as she held
out her hand. In spite of her self-com-
mand her hand was hot and trembling,
while his was trembling and cold. It
was not a grasp only a touch, that
passed between the cold hand and the
warm. And, despite the calmness of
his voice, he felt there was a flash in the
eyes he dared not meet, that might have
pierced through him if he gave her the
faintest chance of reading him. "No
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to spite, on the time, took more than one
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"MISS BLACKTHORNE—as that's your name,
if you think you've caught Stephen Harlow,
you're in the wrong box, and no mistake there.
Stephen Harlow was married to me, and
I suppose you've caught him, and I suppose
your farm he thinks he can make so much
of. But that won't do for me. You take my
warning, and be sure to be true to me for
years to come. When you've got a man of
your own, don't you let him out of your
sight, and if he goes, be after him like I've
been after him. And I'm going to stick to
him, and I don't think it fair to let you
know, I do. So I'll let it be my own self
to say you like him never more, unless you
will let me hear of him again. I'll be true
to your object, humble servant to
command as is to be."

Now the reader has seen at once that
this was no woman's letter. For it was
not in her style, and had no postscript
nor any of the stabs that spite feminine
knows how to triumph by. It was as
stupid as a bludgeon. Moreover, why
should any exception be made of forty-
year-old honesty? And, indeed, there
were many points as words fit for a
critical eye. But Patience Blackthorn
knew nothing of spite or cowardice, or,
at least, of her niece's—whatever the
foibles of her father Tom or of her brother
Dick, these were not of them; and she
had no girl friend. But, on the other
hand, she knew the letter to be a
shameful lie. Why it should be written,
who should write it, she could not
guess; but a lie she knew it to be. Her
emotion had not been dismay, but anger
and scorn.

Young men did get into trouble.
She could not be Dick Blackthorn's
sister without knowing so much of the
world. It was bitter to think that
Stephen, though it was before he loved
her, could have given some other girl
an one of such a sort, a handle for
mischievous meddling. But the way to
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mischievous meddling be made. Stephen false
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it was as impossible as that the sun of
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show him the foil and venomous truth
and triumph in the way in which he
would crush the sting.

But, then, he must return. She
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ing eased her heart by a speech of soli-
tude, she returned. Perhaps Stephen
was already there.

He was not there, however, even yet.
She went to her household work, and
—sang. No; nothing—neither silence,
nor absence, nor slander—should ever
come between her Stephen and her.
What was love without trust? There is
no such thing, and if there be not trust
in the teeth of proof enough to hang a
man ten times over, then the so-called
love is a sham. "Love me, but never
believe me," runs the refrain of a song.
One might as well say, trust me, but
never believe me; it would be the self-
same thing. She was feeling, though
not thinking, this, when she heard the
hoofs of a horse clatter up to the side
door. But even this was not Stephen.
It was only the new hostler from the
Half Moon. What could he be want-

ing? It might be a message, though
She broke off in her song, and went her
self to see.

"Can I see Farmer Blackthorn, miss?"
asked the lady, who only Mr. Mar-
riss was here but now, for his own let-
ters; what a lot he do have to be sure—
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full upon her just outside the village,
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NON-FORFEITABLE BONDS.

A Bit of Advice to a Defeated Presidential Candidate.

"Mr. Cleveland's administration is
under bonds, like his party," says Mr.
Blaine, in the *New York Tribune*. Yes,
bonds of union with the people's in-
terests, which it has cheerfully assumed
and which it has not the slightest in-
tention of breaking; bonds of friend-
ship with every measure that tends to
promote the public weal, and bonds of
confidence with the Nation which gives
it such unstinted support and encour-
agement. The American people knew
too well the flimsy nature of the bonds
Mr. Blaine was willing to furnish in
order to get into the White House, and
they preferred the more substantial
guarantees offered by Mr. Cleveland.

The correctness of their judgment has
been proved already, although the ad-
ministration they chose is scarcely more
than a week old. Economy has taken
the place of waste of the people's money,
and although Mr. Blaine affects to
sneer at the good work in this direction
which has been inaugurated at the White House,
it has received general commendation
and hearty endorsement. Economy,
in Mr. Blaine's eyes, is nothing but "po-
litical clap-net, or a device to escape
the provisions of the Civil Service act."

While he may be excused for his ig-
norance of something so foreign to his
notions of the administration of public
affairs as economy, he should not insult
the intelligence of the people by sneering at
it and giving it a false interpretation.
The world would be glad to see his in-
fluence in the White House every ap-
pointment made by the President or his
cabinet that Mr. Blaine has made up his
mind not to be pleased with the new
Administration. This is to be regretted
solely on his own account, as he must
be prepared to be unhappy for a very
long time, in fact, for the period of his
natural life. The people will not be
inclined to change from a Democratic
Administration, having found it so ad-
mirably suited to them. He can get
along without a crowd of hang-
ers-on in secure positions, and
how every one in the public service
should be expected to earn his salary by
honest work. His way would have been
so different had he the handling of the
people's money. No reduction of a
political force for him; no regard for the
National treasury as a sacred trust.
Hence his incessant fire of objections in
the columns of the *Tribune*. As his
friend Burdick has just been retired
with the soothing title of pastor emer-
itus, can not Mr. Blaine be induced to
remain in the obsequy assigned him
by the Nation under the appropriate
designation of *sold emertus*? We
have gently reminded him several times
that this is Mr. Cleveland's administration,
not his. But he will insist upon
flinging himself every day into the
columns of the *Tribune*. It is a sad sight,
especially as there is no padded cell in
politics to prevent a defeated candidate
from doing himself grievous injury.—
Albany Argus.

A REPUBLICAN KICKER.
The Chicago Pension Agent—A Greedy
and Selfish Fellow.

Miss Ada Sweet, the Pension Agent
at Chicago, has a temper which belies her
name. Having received a message
from General Black, in which she was
politely requested to send in her resig-
nation at the close of the fiscal year,
this "pert, chippy and sassy" damsel
proceeds to insult the Commissioner
and to send a whining letter to the
President, eulogizing her services, and
in effect begging that she may hold on
longer. General Black's request was a
reasonable and proper one, and it was
not necessary that she should state his
reasons for asking for Miss Sweet's resig-
nation. While it is conceded that her
management of the office itself, so far as
its routine business is concerned, is
good, the office has been used by the
leading Republican politicians of Illi-
nois as a political machine. It is
said that Miss Sweet, in return for
the powerful influence which has kept
her in the place, has yielded to them
the control of the patronage of her
place. Whether this is, or is not, true,
there is good reason for making a
change in the office. Miss Sweet has
held it for more than eleven years, dur-
ing which time she has drawn in salary
and perquisites over \$100,000. If now
it is settled custom to give this office
to the widow or daughter of a Union
veteran, it is high time that Miss Sweet
should step down and give another a
chance. General Black desires that the
widow of the gallant Colonel Mulligan
shall be appointed, and we hope his
friend Burdick will be found, all
husband and wife, ready to support a
federal demand that she surrender the
post of Lexington, Mo., is still well re-
membered. The country has long
known how hard it is for a Republican
of the male sex to give up an office, but
it had not expected that the females of
the organization would be even more
greedy and selfish.—*Boston Post*.

A POLITICAL SWASHBUCKLER.
One Republican Politician Who is Alto-
gether Too Previous.

General John A. Logan has had a
good deal to disturb his equanimity
within the past few months, but in view
of the fact that he is still running for
office—or is supposed to be, for he still
has feeble hopes of being returned to
his old seat in the United States Senate
—he should restrain himself. If not
too previous he is too impulsive, as he
is in his spitting tobacco juice in
an opponent's eye during the to him,
exciting Presidential campaign. And
now, in a public meeting in Chicago,
he has denounced Mayor Carter Harri-
son as a "vile, infamous liar, a poltroon
and a coward." The professional pur-
suit, more sensitive on the subject of
good English than the General, Logan
is credited with being, would object to
"vile" and "infamous" as superfluous
prefixes to "liar" and would con-
sider "poltroon" and "coward" superfluous
synonyms. But General Logan was
so pleased with the richness of his
vocabulary that he repeated the re-
marks, so that the press might get it
and he might not be mis-
understood. Meanwhile, at another
meeting, Mayor Harrison was repeat-
ing his charges against Logan and
reading an affidavit from a member of
the Legislature in corroboration. The
general public knows little and cares
less about the dispute between the
Mayor and the ex-Senator, but the pub-
lic has reason to congratulate itself
that John A. Logan—whether or not
he succeeds in securing his seat—will
not be the presiding officer over that
body of gentlemen, the United States
Senate, next winter, and it is surmised
that two or three more cool seasons
will come round before he is.—*N. Y.*
World.

COMMERCIAL CONVENTION.

An Important National Gathering to be
Held at Atlanta, Ga., May 19, 20 and 21—
Circular Issued by the Executive Com-
mittee—Programme.

ATLANTA, Ga., April 22.—The citizens
of Atlanta having determined to invite
delegates to the National Commercial
Convention, to assemble in this city on the 19th
of May next, H. L. Kimball, Chairman
of the Executive Committee, having the matter
in charge, has issued a circular explaining
the objects of the convention and giving
the following programme:

1. The convention will be composed of
delegates to be selected, as follows: Every
local body organized for general com-
mercial and not for special private purposes,
shall be entitled in this convention to the fol-
lowing representation: Each association hav-
ing fifty members or less shall be entitled to
one delegate; associations having more than
fifty members shall have one delegate for
each additional fifty members; to be ap-
pointed by the association. Any city or town
of two thousand inhabitants not hav-
ing an organized body as above shall
be entitled to one delegate, and towns of
over two thousand shall have one other delegate
for every additional five thousand inhabitants.
Delegates to be appointed by the Mayor or
Chief Magistrate. The Governors of each
State shall be entitled to two additional dele-
gates-at-large, to be appointed by the Gov-
ernors.

2. There are to be eight National delegates,
to be selected by the Executive Committee.
Delegates shall be elected on the basis of
under seal from their respective constitu-
encies; said credentials shall certify the
number of delegates to which the constituency is
entitled.

3. The subjects to be considered shall be
(a) Commercial and reciprocity treaties be-
tween the United States and foreign coun-
tries; (b) National bank law; (c) The
compulsory coinage of silver; (d) Rail-
way transportation; (e) Such other ques-
tions touching National, financial and com-
mercial interests, as the convention may
deem proper for discussion and action.

Very favorable notice of the proposed
convention to this convention are given by
the different railroads, and it is the purpose
of the committee to arrange as far as possible
to give the delegates on the two days of the
convention the opportunity of making
excursions to places of interest and im-
portance.

A TEXAS CYCLONE.
A Tornado Visits the Prairie Grove Neigh-
borhood With Death and Destruction.

MEXIA, TEX., April 24.—The Prairie
Grove neighborhood, eight miles south of
Mexico, was visited about two o'clock
Wednesday afternoon by a severe cyclone
which caused at least five deaths, several
injuries and much damage to property. The
two-story school house in which were about
fifty children was blown down and torn to
pieces, killing one girl and wounding sev-
eral. The dead and injured are: Lizzie
Palling, the fourteen-year-old daughter of
J. Palling, killed; Estelle Cook, leg broken;
two children of E. Hughes, leg and arm
broken; two children of Mr. O'Hara, leg
broken and injured internally. The house
of S. McKinnon was blown down and he
was seriously hurt; the stone house and
barn owned by R. D. Hughes was
blown down and goods promiscuously
scattered; the residence of M. B. Cox, H.
Thompson and L. J. Williams were de-
molished; Larkin Gentry's house some dis-
tance from the village was also demolished;
the house of J. H. Gentry and two children
killed. Other serious results are prob-
able as the country was thickly settled in the
direction the storm took.

Another London Scene.
LONDON, April 23.—Much commotion
was caused throughout the city this morn-
ing by the report that the Admiralty office
had been blown up. An investigation
proved the report to be much exaggerated.
A package containing a quantity of dynamite
supposed to have been placed against the
wall of the building under the solicitor's
office way, was set off by a slow fuse and
other contrivances. The building was badly
shaken while all the windows were shat-
tered. In Swainson's office not a whole
pane of glass remained. The clerks
were dashed to the floor by the concussion.
Swainson was seriously hurt. The others
with slight injuries. The explosion
was heard for a long distance. Men
rushed to the vicinity of the Admiralty
building, expecting to find it in ruins. A
strong force of police and military is now
on guard. No one is allowed to approach
the building. Authorities are vigorously
investigating with a hope of gaining a clue
to the perpetrators.

The Medicine Lodge Flood.
WICHITA, Kan., April 24.—A special
from Medicine Lodge gives the following
additional details concerning the awful ca-
lamity of Monday night. The search for
bodies was continued yesterday morning
among the drift piles and along the bottoms
for miles. The remaining bodies of the
Maddux family, who were among the
campers, were found, the mother and two
children making six recovered at that point.
Maddux himself and two children escaped.
Jerry Gibbs' body was also recovered. The
body of a young man by the name of Smith
was also found, but the campers only knew
him by that name and the survivors do not
know where he was from. Four of the
Paddock family have been found, all
children, but the father and mother are
still missing. Frank Shepler's wife and
child, whom he left on the roof of his drift
home, have not been found or heard from.
Ten bodies have been recovered at the
lodge and four above town, making
fourteen in all.

Russia Excited.
VIENNA, April 24.—Information received
from St. Petersburg political circles creates
a great sensation. It is to the effect that
the only condition on which peace can be as-
sured is that England shall acknowledge
the complete neutrality of Russia and the
extinction of English influence in the
Ameer's country. In this case only, it is
said, is a peaceful understanding between
England and Russia possible. This de-
claration on the part of Russia has been con-
sidered as an ultimatum to London.
The highest military circles in Russia
are bringing great pressure
to bear on the Government to
declare war. They say that
the chances of victory for Russia were
never so favorable as at the present time.

Railroad Litigation.
NEW YORK, April 24.—The Northern
Pacific Railroad began a suit in the United
States Supreme Court to-day against the
Oregon & Transcontinental Company for the
recovery of \$928,097, with interest from
December 21, 1883, which it claims to be
due on the balance of the accounts. The
Oregon & Transcontinental Company claims
several millions against the Northern Pacific
and it is believed a counter suit will be
instituted. The directors of the Northern
Pacific were in session several hours to-day.
It is said the Oregon & Transcontinental
account was taken up, and a resolution
passed relieving the committee having it in
charge from further duty.

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